

Dreams Hurt

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Summary: Robin has a nightmare about his origin, parents. The Titans sense his emotions, and try to cheer him up, but make a terrible mistake in taking him to a place that changed his life- the circus. His best friend, Starfire, along with the other Titans, comfort him, allowing him to vent.

Dreams Hurt

_A tall blonde woman, her hair pulled tightly into a pony tail, wondered about with a black haired man by her side. In the distance their son, Dick Grayson, now known as Robin, stood in total disbelief. _

"_Mom! Dad!" Robin shouted, overjoyed. _

_They didn't turn around. Robin approached them, "Mom?" He asked, solemnly. "Dad?" _

_His parents, looked at him, crossed. "How could you, son?" John shook his head, in dismay. _

"_W-What?" Robin cluelessly asked, dumbfounded. _

"_We raised you to beâ€¦something," his mother, Mary, pushed him aside. _

"_Mom?" Robin held back the tears. "What do you meanâ€¦something?" _

"_Why are you wearing that silly costume?" Mary pointed to his uniform. _

"_But mom," Robin objected. "You made this for me! You created the outfit!" _

"_I created it to be know around the world! For you to be a star!"
Mary turned to John. _

_Robin hesitated. "Mom-" _

"_Forget it!" John yelled. Robin whimpered. "You're not our son,"
they both turned around and disappeared. _

_Robin heard thunderous clouds, and slowly forced onto his knees, as
the rain covered his tears. _

****Line Break****

"NO!" Robin yelled, his sheets falling onto the floor. He hung his
head down, and silently sobbed. The Titans rushed in panic, to his
room.

"Robin?" Starfire interrogated.

They all silently, watched the poor, boy sit there, and weep.

"What happened?" Cyborg broke the silence.

Robin kept crying, as they all got closer. "Robin?" Starfire patted
his back. "Are you alright?" She tried to comfort him, but it wasn't
working. His sobs grew louder, as all the Titans looked at each other
concerned.

"Dude," Beast Boy started, getting closer. "What's wrong? We can help
you! Just tell us what's the matter," he tried to get him to
speak.

Eventually, they all got closer, until Robin grabbed all of them into
a inconsolable group hug. They didn't mind. The Titans hugged him
back, as they knew very well he needed it.

"What's wrong?" Starfire broke out of the hug.

"Nothing," Robin's voice cracked, as he walked out of his room onto
the roof.

"Somethings wrong," Beast Boy winced.

"But _what?_" Cyborg thought aloud.

"Please, friends," Starfire clasped her hands together. "What is the
cause of Robin's strange behavior?"

"Um, Star," Beast Boy sighed. "We don't know," he examined his
shoes.

"Guys," Raven grabbed their attention. "He needs some time alone,"
she told them, strictly. "Leave him alone. He'll tell us when he's
ready."

They all hesitantly walked out of Robin's dark room, and went to the
kitchen.

****Roof Top****

Meanwhile, Robin thought about his dream, as he watched the sunrise. What if that was what he was meant to be? What if that was the only reason Mary Grayson called him her _son? _Robin was too hurt, to even be eased by his teammates- who were usually there when he had all these bad thoughts about his parents, and were the shoulders he cried on. But today, he was inconsolable. Robin was comfort less, and felt venerable.

****Titans ****

"So, we need a plan to make Robin feel better," Cyborg sat down, on the table, gathered around with the other Titans. "Any ideas?"

"A party?" Starfire asked, joyfully.

"How about a feast?" Cyborg thought aloud.

"How about _the circus!_" Beast Boy blurted.

"That's a great idea!" Cyborg snapped.

"What is _the circus?_" Starfire asked, cluelessly.

"It's a fun place where they do _party_ tricks, have _food_, and awesome performances," Cyborg explained. "Perfect! Everything we suggested!" He turned to Raven.

"I said you should _leave him alone_," she unburied herself from her book.

"Let's get Robin!" Beast Boy ignored Raven.

They all ran up to the roof, where Robin laid his head on his knees.

"Robin!" Starfire called, startling Robin. "We have a surprise for you!" She giggled.

Before Robin could say something, Starfire rushed him over, excitedly to the T-Car, and covered his eyes along the way.

"Starfire?" Robin asked. "Can you _please _tell me where we're going, now?"

Raven was about to reveal it, but Beast Boy flashed his hand over her mouth. "Shh!" Beast Boy sharply, objected.

"We're here!" Cyborg smiled.

Starfire uncovered Robin's eyes, revealing a tent filled with people outside waiting in line.

"The _circus?!_" Robin's eyes widened, under his mask.

"Do you not like the circus?" Starfire asked, worried.

Robin didn't answer her, as they all went in and purchased tickets. The show was about to start, and they all noticed that Robin felt uncomfortable.

"Dude, are you okay?" Beast Boy asked, clearly distressed.

Again, no answer. Applauds filled the room, as the voice of a man was clearly heard throughout the whole tent.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Boys and girls! Now presenting our acrobatic act!" Screams of joy from children, and babies were all Robin heard.

It was a _woman _and a _man_. Robin started shivering, as the acrobat slowly grabbed the bar. He started feeling light headed, and ran straight out of the circus.

"Dude!" Beast Boy stood.

"Robin?" Starfire called, overlapping Beast Boy.

The four all went to a small fountain with a bench by it, outside of the circus. On the bench, revealed a black haired boy, silently weeping onto his fragile knees.

"Robin?" Starfire soothed him.

The broken bird kept sobbing, making the others panic.

"Is he alright?" Beast Boy asked.

Cyborg approached Robin, and bent down. "You have to tell us what's wrong," he patted him. "Or else we can't help you."

"Either way," Robin sniffled. "_None of you _can help me," he continued weeping. "Except my _mother _and _father,_" Robin spoke to himself, inaudible to all of them.

They examined each other, from all his situations, never had they been unable to solve his problem. He's had many bad dreams, that he shared a small vent with them, but from all of those, never has it been so severe.

"Robin," Starfire sat next to him, on the white bench. "I won't bother you anymore. But please, answer, are you alright?" She sighed.

"I'm fine," he clearly fabricated.

"Robin!" Starfire stood up. "You are clearly distressed and we want to help!" She exclaimed.

The Titans came to Robin, and joined Starfire on the bench. Robin kept sobbing at the thought of the circus, and his parents. "Robin," Starfire patted his back. "Please, what is the matter?"

Robin stood up, tears stained onto his mask, and walked away from the Titans. Starfire sighed in dismay, as the other Titans followed him. "Robin," Raven spoke for all the remainder of the group. Robin smudged his elbow, as tears flowed down his pale cheeks.

"What is wrong?" Starfire interrupted Raven.

Robin opened his mouth, and then quickly closed it, and left them

abandoned at the fountain area.

****Roof Top****

Robin sat on top of the roof, alone. It was already noon, and he could already see the T-Car from the view, as they entered the tower. Not to his surprise, he heard footsteps behind him. It was his teammates, The Titans.

"Robin." Cyborg came to him. Robin didn't turn around, and was about to say something, but Cyborg interrupted him. "Before you say anything," he started. "We found something," Cyborg handed a picture.

Robin admired it, tears still damp on his face. It was a framed, photograph of him with his parents right before their last show. It was his last hug he got from his parents. Robin gave a shaky sigh, and continued sobbing.

"Where'd you find this?" Robin asked, between sobbing gasps.

"It was under your bed," Starfire answered. "Is that you?"

Robin dazed at the photo, "They were my _parents,_" Robin's tears stained the glass, on the frame.

The Titans were shocked, and looked sorrowfully between each other.

"We're sorry, Robin," Raven sighed. "We didn't know," she let her cloak cover her.

"We assumed it was just a photo of somebody you knew," Beast Boy shrugged, and sat next to Robin. "They were your parents?"

Robin started hyperventilating, to himself, at the word _'parents'_.

"Are you alright?" Beast Boy inquired.

"Yeah," Robin's voice cracked, as he wiped a few tears.

Robin hugged, Beast Boy, and soon all of them joined them. The poor boy, sobbed on each of their shoulders.

"What happened to your _parents?_" Starfire broke out of the hug.

Robin had a tear roll down his face, making his eyes sting, as they were red and puffy.

"Theyâ€¦umâ€¦_died_, " Robin's voice became very low, at the word _died_, but they heard it.

"Robin," Starfire touched his shoulder, passionately. "Are you okay?" She saw tears slowly slide down.

"No," Robin shook his head, as his team stood aback. "I'm not," more tears rolled down, entering Starfire into a hug, as, once again, the Titans gave a group hug for one last time.

"My parents..." Robin started. "They were the best acrobats in the greatest show on Earthâ€¦ They were _The Flying Graysons,_"

They were known for their quadruple flip. Tata- or, John would go first. He flipped four times, then grabbed the bar, before swinging back where Mary would flip four times and grab him, before coming back and grabbing their son, who also did four flips. It was an amazing feat, no net, especially for an eight-year-old kid...

Tony Zucco was a tall man with white hair and a blind eye, due to the scratch that stretched from his left eyebrow to his chin. He growled at John Grayson and Mr. Haley. "We won't pay you," the acrobat snapped. "We don't need your protection..."

Tony Zucco frowned, before eying the small, black-haired boy. He grinned eerily. "But you wouldn't want something to happen to your family, would you?"

Mary grabbed her son and John and Mr. Haley stepped in front of the child and his mother. "Leave," Mr. Haley said firmly.

Zucco chuckled before disappearing into the shadows. "You'll regret it..."

Robin's voice cracked, and tears slowly fell down his cheeks as he relayed the story. "The next night was their big day..."

Mary smiled proudly at her son, who had on his red, green, and yellow suit. An 'R' was printed on his chest, and he scowled at his mother and father. "Really, Mama? A robin? Kids my age get beat up for getting called that kind of stuff!"

John and Mary laughed. "We could call you our flying squirrel," John kidded his son, ruffling his hair.

Richard cocked and eyebrow, and his parents laughed again before hugging each other, a Grayson Group-hug, they called it. Mary kissed her son's forehead. "Alright, wait for your cue. You remember it, right?"

The boy nodded. John heard the crowd yelling, and he grabbed his wife's hand. "C'mon, draga, it's our turn."

And they left.

Richard turned at the noise he heard. He saw a man with a large scar on his face walking by, holding a knife and whistling the lyrics to a hymn. "Hey!" Richard frowned at him. The man turned and grinned.

"Well, boy... How're you? Not too good, soon, I'm sure," he growled in a strong Jersey accent.

Richard heard the crowd yell again, and he left the tent, but not before giving Zucco a growl and a fierce glare.

_Richard saw the flashing lights, heard the yells of joy, and saw his mother, her red hair tied back tightly, her suit glittering in the lights. It matched his father's- blue and white, with little black

stars. She swung up towards him as Mr. Haley announced, "And now, ladies and gents, boys and girls, RICHARD GRAYSON!"_

Richard reached out to grab his mother's arms, but her gasp stopped him. Her mouth and eyes were wide 'o's, and she screamed. The ropes on the trapeze bars snapped. "DICK!" she screamed shrilly as she fell.

The boy was in shock. His mother and father were dead. Their bodies were covered in blood, their bones sticking out of their flesh, and their eyes wide open. Blood dripped from their ears and eyes and noses. The boys quickly exited the high-ramp and ran to their sides. "No!" he screamed. "No! Mom! Dad! No!" he wept openly. He sat there, his parents' blood soaking his costume, until two police officers pulled him away...

Robin looked up, and saw his team looking at him sympathetically. "W-We're sorry," Cyborg's voice was distressed.

Robin hung his head. "It's not your fault," his hair covering his eyes, as he slowly took off his mask, turning into good old, _Richard Grayson_. "It's _my _fault," a tear fell on the floor.

"Hey, man, don't beat yourself up," Cyborg comforted.

"It is not one of your faults," Starfire clasped her hands together.

"No, Starfire," Robin turned to the blue sky, matching the color of his eyes. "It is," the sky, and his eyes, matched the color of his tears, that landed on his gloves. "I could've done something, but they justâ€¦_fell_," Robin shuddered.

"Robin," Beast Boy scooted next to him. "Look at what you've become," he tried to sound _'comforting'_, since it's not his area- usually because he has Starfire to do it. "You made it _this _far," Beast Boy smiled. "They would be proud."

Robin wiped his tears, and smiled. "Thanks, Beast Boy," he beamed.

"You're always there for us," Beast Boy pointed to the team. "Let us be there for you."

Raven came to Robin, and joined Beast Boy. "It's okay that you didn't want to tell us," she touched his shoulder. "We understand. There are even some secrets that _best friends _can't tell. And we'll accept it," Raven let her hood down.

"I thought that," Robin rested his head on his knees.

The team stared at him, dumbfounded.

"You, _all of you_, are my best friends, and I have to say _thank you_. Thanks for helping me," Robin put his mask, back on.

"We welcome you," Starfire wrapped her arms around him.

"Thank you, Starfire," he chuckled.

"That's the Robin we know," Cyborg joked around.

They all laughed, and shared a nice dinner.

"So, Rob," Beast Boy called. "How you feeling?"

"Better?" Starfire smiled.

"Getting there," Robin snickered.

End
file.